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find the latest and most complete stock in fied the latest and most complete stock in

### Believe and Be Saved

SUBJECT OF SERMON PREACH ED JULY 28, BY DR. TAL-

The Soted Brooklyn Divine Preach es in Sr. Paut, Minn., Hefore an Immense and Appreciative Congregation-Full Text of a Memorable and Interesting Discourse.

Sr. Paul, Minn., July 28.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached in this city today. His subject was "The Earthquake," and he took for his text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi, 31. The sermon of the control of t

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apos-tolic times. I imagine today we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill! Do you not hear the grean of those the chill! Do you not hear the groan of those in carcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estate! Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is ad in all the dark words the whisper mard: "What's that? What's that?"

THE SONG OF PAUL AND SILAS. It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot seep. They have been whipped, very bally whipped. The long gashes on their lacks are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the belg ground, their feet fast in wooden sockes, and of course they cannot sleep. But bey can sing. Jailer, what are you doing wit these people? Why have they been put there? Oh, they have been trying to make k world better. Is that all! That is all, pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for an Wesley. An anathema for Philip Methon, A dungeon for Paul and Silas, while we are standing in the gloom of Philippian dungeon, and we hear the ngling voices of sob and gross and blasply and hallelujah, suddenly an earth-quillars crack off, the solid masoury begins to be seed at the desired and the seed of the prison twist, the lars crack off, the solid masoury begins the desired. it is the song of Paul and Silas. They canbliars crack off, the solid masoury begins we and all the doors awing open. The the and all the doors awing open. The feeling himself responsible for othersoners, and believing, in his pagan race, suicide to be honorable—since frus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself, and cassius killed himself, puts his DO YOU Want Photo's

It so call on

W. W. Brooks, over Martin's Drug Store, and he will make them for you, first-class Cabinets, also Ferrection any style.

N. B.—Old pictures capied and enlarged in any style.

Remember the place and also that the morning is the best time to come. Cloudy weather makes no difference.

Bell, id Cassius killed himself—puts his two his own enemies. a Christ as that—soloving, so paties acrificing—can you of trust him there are many under the infinity of God who als saying, "I store I see the jailer running through dust and amid the ruin of that prisoner, crying out: "Whatall I do!" What shall I do!" Did Paul awr. "Get out of this place before there inother carthquake; put handcuffs and hots on these other prisoners, lest they Evway!" No word of that kind. His coact, thrilling, tremendous analysis all throughs all through all through the payment of that rote.

Lord Jeclirist, and thou shalt be saved."
Well, we've all read of the earthquake in
Lisbon, ilma, in Aleppo and in Caraccas;
but we lin a latitude where severe volin a latitude where severe voldie dibiances are rare. And yet we
re sienty earthquakes. Here is a man
o has a building up a large fortune.
bid one money market was felt in all
cilies in thinks he has got beyond all
oxylographics in trade, and he, says to
isolf a w I am free and safe from all
sible lurbation. But in 1897 or inurbation." But in 1887 or in 173 a national panic strikes the tablishmes Here is a man who has built up a verbutiful home. His daughters have just no from the seminary with diplomas graduation. His sons have started info, honest, temperate and pure, Wh the evening lights are struck, there has been an accident down at Long Bra. The young man ventured too far out to surf. The telegraph hurled the terror to the city. An earthquake struck under foundations of that beautiful home. I plano closed, the curtains ful home. I piano closed, the curtains dropped, the chter hushed. Crash! go all those domest spes and prospects and expectations tay friends, we have all felt the shaking d of some great trouble, and there was a thehet, we were as much excited as this a city.

there was a thehet, we were as much excited as this tof the text, and we cried out, as he did, hat shall I do? What shall I do? The sareply that the apostle made to him is apprent to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Chr and thou shalt be saved."

There are son eas nents of so little importance that Judo not care to put any more than yours, ame under them, or even your initial at there are some documents of so green attachments of so green attachments of so green attachments of the little called "Lord," and in other parts of the let he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the let he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the let he is called "Christ," but the ere might be no mistake about this pay, all three names come together—"The L Josus Christ."

rou Crayst Him.

Now, who is this of that you want me to trust in and bel, in! Men sometimes come to me with crutials and certificates of good character, it cannot trust them. There is some disholy in their looks that makes me know it is be cheated if I confide in them. You cot put your heart's confidence in a mastil you know what stuff he is made of, an I unreasonable today when I stop by you who this is that you want me to trust in you who this is that you want me to trust in you who this is that you want me to trust in an accordance on a mastil you know what stuff he is made of, and the who has a vessel going out to sea that had a vess is. When, then, I sat who this is you me he was a very attractive person ters describe his whole places as being emporary wri-lance as being ed for Christ little children to come u ciples. The children ca without any invitation, appear than the little one her's arms, an avalant not ask

"Do not bring me these sores; do not trouble me with these leprostes?" No, no; there was a kind took, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

In addition to this softness of character,

ten the cross is laid on the ground, and the afferer is stretched upon it, and the units as pounded through nerve and muscle and hue, through the right hand, through the left lind; and then they shake his right hand to stif it is fast, and they heave up the wood, hif a dozen shoulders under the weight, and thy put the end of the cross in the mouth of th hole, and they plungs it in, all the weight of is body coming down for the first time on he spikes; and while some hold the cross upight, others throw in the dirt and trample it bwr, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that trewell and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Ch'at endure it? He could have taken those Carat endure it? He could have taken those rotis, and with them crushed his crucifiera. Hecould have renched up and grasped the sawrd of the omalpotent God, and with one clear cut have tumbled them into perdition. But io; he was to die. He must die. His life ir your life. In an European city a your man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the ther of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resusci-tate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say, "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, nor for his God, died not for his mother, nor for his father, but for his worn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—soloving, so patient, so self sacrificing—can you of trust him! I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked bythousands is, "How! how!" And while I ansver your question I look up and utter the prater which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust nons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ! Just us you tout any one. You trust your partner in busiless with important things. If a commercial house gives tant things, and the commercial house gives

three months You have perfect confi-once in their word and in their ability. Or again, you go home expecting there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that, . Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe I take away your sins and they are all taken away." "What!" you say, "before I pray any more! before I read my Bible any more! before I cry over my sins any more!" Yes, this moment. Lelieve with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Carist is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that! Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ, ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trust-worthy as they are, then deal with him as fidence in the Lord Jesus Christ, He

worthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart! I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Capt. Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His fam-

ily deserve very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith. YOU ARE SAVED.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shrick of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope! no hope! We are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the ropes make a hunting ladder in the sight hearters. a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats!" cries the captain. "Down with the life boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be! You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump, and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Capt. Brave-beart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge; you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spauning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you sart, and you come to it, and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much! A million dollars! It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars! Less than that. One farthing! Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be

just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Josus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved." I cannot tell you. No man, no augel can tell you. But I can blat at it. For-

shall be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity it is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my beart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any resumment daysage. In addition to this softness of character, there wars flery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned paid: Here is a plain man, with a few sailers at his tack, coming of the sear of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cosars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindress which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavons, and through all ages. Oh, he was a loving Christis But it was not effentiancy or inspidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and counipotent. Lest the world should not realize his carnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

THE DRATH OF CHRIST.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a mouch in some bright and beautiful home! If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly atentions." No, the world must bear the afferer. The world must feel his warm blood ropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross is that out the ground, and the afferer is strotched upon it, and the mais as pounded through nerve and muscle and hee, through the right hand, through the left hid; and then they shake his right hand to siff it is fast, and they heave up the wood, hif a dozen shoulders under the weight, and hid; and then they shake his right hand to siff it is fast, and they heave up the wood, hif a dozen shoulders under the weight, and can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of tad, and lie is bound to see me through. He has sworn lie will see me through. The moun-

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to! When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, end call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is slient, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation today are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to life. that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of his own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then amid the heavenly daybreak? O Death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly! thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew these in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens; 'O Death, I will be thy plague. O Grave, I will be thy

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his house in heaven how great shall be our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratories of eternity.

JESUS IS HEAVEN'S BLOOM.

Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven.

We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with him. Toward that harbor I steer. To ward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness.

THEN YOU WILL KNOW. Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to b persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have him point to an elevation pro-portionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with me on earth, come up Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the

been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there, "You seem to be lonely."
"Yes" she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the tasnity!" "Only myself." "Have you had any chastear!" "I had seven children."
"Where are they!" "Gone." "All gone!"
"All." "All dead!" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the lonellesse, and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mothu to the grave."
And so there are hearts here that easy atterly broken down by the bereavements of hit.

I point you today to the eternal balm of heaven. point you today to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid! your hearts sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows, and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! you queen unto God and the Lamb forever!

Aged n and women, fed by his leve and
warmed by his grace for threescore years
and ten! will not your decrepitude change for
the leap of a hart when you come to look face
to face upon him whom having not seen you
love! That will be the Good Shepherd, not
out in the night and watching to keep off the
wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the
sum it hill. That will be the contain of our unlit hill. That will be the captain of ou salvation, not amid the -roar and crash and beem of battle, but amid his disbanded troops eping victorious festivity. That will the Bridegroom of the church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon his arm, while he looks down into her face and says, "Behold, thou art fair, my level Behold, thou art fair!"

Penny-a-Drink Fountains.

Today a thirsty million passing through the squares will be startled by the sight of large, bright automatic tanks labeled, "Drop a penny in the slot and get a cup of pure water."

This invasion of the squares in the rush for the mighty dollar is the first for many years, and the permission to establish the penny fountains was granted a private company by Director Stokley. Years ago old cake and candy women and fruit peddlers were driven from the squares by the police, and since that time the city's resting places have been free of anything of the kind. The penny fountain privilege raises the question, however, if they haven't the right to return.—Philadelphia Press.

A Heavyweight Battle.

The strife between "Classics" and "Moderns" has assumed great proportions in Holand. Professor Naher of the University of Amsterdam has made the proposal that Greek should be removed from the curriculum of the gymnasia, and should only be compulsory. be gymnasia, and should only be compulsory for those who wish to study philology. It is to be neted that Herr Nuher is a professor of classical philology. At present every Dutch student, to obtain a certificate of maturity. must show proficiency in German, Frenchend English, as well as in Greek and Latin

Trusts.

The son of a very eminent lawyer while awaiting sentence in the felon's dock was asked by the judge: "So you remember your father?" "Perfectly," said the youth. "Whenever I entered his presence he said, 'Run away, my lad, and don't trouble me,' " The great lawyer was thus enabled to complete his famous work on the "Law of Trusts," and his son in due time furnished a practical commentary on the way in which his father had discharged that most sucred of trusts contributed to him in the person of his child.—In dianapolis Sentinel.

ODDS AND ENDS.

An international congress of agriculture and forestry will be held in Vienna during

Topeka is going to try vitrifled brick or The introduction of the electric light has caused a marked diminution of crime to

Pittsburg, Pa. At the recent sale of the Secretan collec-tion of pictures in Paris, Millet's "Angelus"

brought upwards of \$110,000 Professor E. M. Shelton, of the Kansas Agricultural college, has produced a variety of wheat which yields forty-seven bushels to the

the Chinese in remote ages. They were invented in Europe at Florence about 1360.

A large cave has been discovered near Las Cruces, N. M., the interior of which is said to be lined with veins of almost pure silver. It is stated that since the introduction of natural gas 500 shade trees have been killed by natural gas leaks in the parks of Allegheny City.

England will adopt the German method of having the price of the journey printed on every rallway ticket. It is a convenient facility for traveling.

In Bresiau a factory chimney fifty-four feet high has just been erected out of blocks of papers held together by special cement. The chimney is fire and lightning proof.

Stow says that Richard Mathews, on the Fleet bridge, London, was the first English-man who made fine knives, etc., and that he obtained a prohibition of foreign ones in

A surveyor who was employed in one of the oldest counties of Connecticut put in three weeks on different farms before he found one single line fence on the right line. Every farmer was a gainer or loser by the survey.

There will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meckness shall receive a far more blessed reward than 3,000 volumes written with disdainful sharpness of

Professor William Saunders, horticulturist of the agricultural department at Washington, declares that the golden rod is his first choice for a national flower, the sunflower his second, adding that both are characteris-

The saddest summer resort in Maine just now is Higgins' beach, where a dead whale came without any invitation and occupies al together too much of the air to suit other summer visitors.

That time honored institution, the greased pole, has not yet been remanded to oblivion in Maine. West Bethel had one on the Glorious Fourth, and a patriotic citizen climbed it and picked the fing off the top.

La Nature describes and Illustrates a remarkable form of earthworm which is found in Australia. They are an inch and a quarter in diameter and six feet in length, and exhale a strong odor analogous to that of creosote. The Greeks ascribed the discovery of fron to themselves, and the discovery of glass to the Phoenicians. Moses relates that fron was

wrought by Tubal Cain. If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels

all his life if he is disposed to quarrel, -Cecil. The price of emeralds and rubies is increas ing from year to year. Diamonds and white pearls are not getting dearer. Black pearls have been increasing steadily in price for the last four or five years—in fact, it is almost impossible to supply the demand for them. Impossible to supply the domain for them.

Liberia, the republic of freed and indigenous negroes on the coast of Upper Guinea,
West Africa, was founded in 1822, by the
American Celonization society, founded by
Henry Clay in 1816. The independence of
Liberia was proclaimed in 1847, and recognized by Europe the following year.

Every grimy Italian at work on the Maine railroads is a lover of music. They twang and blow at every interval in their shoveling. At Dexter the other day a lady was starti by the appearance at her window of a bronzed son of Italy, who in broken speech implored permission to hear the music of her piano.

Latin ceased to be spoken as the language Latin ceased to be spoken as the language of the people in Italy, about 581; it was first taught in England in the Seventh century, and speedily became the learned language of that kingdom, and the one in which English literature and law was expressed. Its use in law gave way to the common tongue thout the year 1000, was revived by Henry III.

Carpenters and other tool users who keep up with the times there use a mixture of giverine, instead or oil, to sharpening their edge tools. Oil, as is well known, thickens edge tools. Oil, as is well known, thickens and smears the stone. The glycerine may be mixed with spirits in greater or less proper tion, according as the tools to be sharpened are fine or coarse. For the average blade, two parts of glycerine to one of spirits will suffice

The invention and development of electric welding of solid bodies by Professor Elihu Thomson has been followed by a method of Thomson has been followed by a method of making endless pipes by the adaptatical of the discovery to that purpose. This has apparently been done by Mr. Elias E. Ries, of Baitimore. The smooth interior of the pipe is secured by the use of a removable refractory core, made of some insulating material, or the same object is attained by subjecting the interior of the pipe while being welded to compressed air or fluid pressure.

So far, the monarchs who have visited the Paris exhibition are "gentlemen of color," Thus his majesty King Dinah Salifou, who

King Dinah Salifou and His Band,

Thus his majesty King Dinah Salifou, who has just put in an appearance with a suite of seven followers, is the king of Nalou, a not very large district on the banks of the river Senegal. The "Black Chief," of herculean proportions, who is being so lionized just now by the French ladice of fashion, is not really a reigning chief at all, but is the sen of the chief of a country known as the Mellacorea, which is under French protection. Like a victorious general who used to be attended by his finte player, or a Scotch laird who is followed about by his piper, this Senegalian visitor is attended in Paris wherever he goes by two griots, as they are called—that is to say, two native musicians—who play upon mysterious instruments combining play upon mysterious instruments combining the monotony of the tentom with the abrill-ness of the untuned violin.—London Figure.

The Educated Boy's Error. The trouble is that a boy who graduates from our public or high schools or colleges would feel it a disgrace to become a tip top carpenter or cabinetmaker, and so chooses to become a counter jumper, sell plus by the penny's worth and tape by the yard, bow and scrape to his lady customers, and delude himself with the idea that he is in one of the gentlemanly callings.—New York Herald.

Acer's Ague Cure is the most popular antidote for malaria. All who are exsoned to the daugers of misasmatic regions should try it. Always ready for use, and, if taken according to directions, warrant-ed a sure cure for all malarial disorders.

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Arand. Schuermeyer & Heyker,



Thousands of dollars worth of chickens die every year from Chok-era. It is more fatal to chickens than all other diseases combined. But the discovery of a remedy that positively cures it has been made, and to be con vinced of its efficacy only requires a trial. A 50-cents bottle is enough for one hundred chickens. It is guar-anteed. If, after using two-thirds of a bottle, the buyer is not thoroughly satisfied with it as a cure for Chicken Cholera, return it to the undersigned and your money will be refunded.

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